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Roſeberry-Toppin:

or

The Proſpect of a Summer's Day:

A

Deſcriptive Poem.

Poema eſt pictura loquens.

STOKESLEY:
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MUSEUM HELVETICUM

OF Atlas mount let poets *Antique* ſing,
Whoſe ſummit bare ſupports the bending ſky;
Of Roſeberry's rude rock I deign to write,
The height of Toppin, and it's oozing rill.

Eaſtward the Ocean ſpreads, the Britiſh ſhore,
Grows on the ſight and widens gradual far;
A Fleet of ſailing Ships their *Canvas* raiſe,
Stretch to the ſouth, and plow the *Billows* huge,
With them two Frigates, as their Eſcort, ſail,
One in the Van, and one commands the rear,
With radiant Enſigns waving in the wind,
To *beat* the French, the Dutch to *overcome*,
Or ſafe to LONDON guard their navy fair.

The flowing Tees next gives a pleaſant view,
The proſpect *charming*, broad the argent ſtream,
With ſmaller Veſſels the bright River's ſtor'd,
To diff'rent Ports the diff'rent Ships are bound;
To STOCKTON ſome, to Cleveland-port, to YARM,
NEWPORT, or Port-ſhore, boats and barges *ſwim*,
Or ſtor'd with victuals, or with traffick fraught.

There HARTLEPOOL ſtruts out, that ancient port,
The ſeas ſurround it, watry ambient mound;
Contiguous to that place a camp is form'd
Of bold Militia, brave, train'd up in arms,
The Natives of the County, *hardieſt* ſons!
In martial proweſs able and expert.

To SUNDERLAND the nothern coaſt appears,
Here ſandy, bare; or there an ample green;
A foreſt wild; a craggy mountain ſteep,
Where Lime, and Coal, and various min'rals, mix.

Fair SEDGFIELD on the plain conſpicuous ſtands,
With *Hardwick*, radiant pile! fam'd ſtructure near;
The beauties of that place, the Gardens *large*,
Grots, Aqueducts, the elegant Parterres,
With Buſtos fine, choice Sculptures, paintings rare,
Adorn, as ornaments, the ſplendid Pile:
The rich poſſeſſor ſtill enjoys his ſtate,
In rarities, arts, gems, a *true adept*.

To DURHAM-CITY and it's County round,
The human eye ſurveys both hill and vale;
Fanes, Structures, Towns, aſcending ſpires are ſeen.
Fair DARLINGTON's tall ſpire, emerging, gleams;
Around, beyond, more villages ariſe,
In circuit *ſpreading*, ſhining Piles abound.
In nearer view bright STOCKTON beauteous ſtands,

A pleaſant place! neat built with ſtructures high,
With ſtreets moſt ſpacious, *ornamented* much.
Grove, mountain, wood, each verdant lawn and field,
Appear *diſtinctly* on this Summer's Day.

Far to the North NEWCASTLE's turrets ſhine,
That mart of commerce, opal trading Town,
Thence on the Tyne large Veſſels, Shallops, Keels,
Proceed to Tynmouth with the curling tide,
Full of rich merchandiſe and *copious* ſtores.
Incamp'd, an Army ſtrong protection gives,
If potent Foes approach, *reſolv'd* to die,
Or bravely *conquer* in the horrid ſtrife.
Fierce, diſciplin'd, their Leader in the front,
Our native Myrmidons, like Lions, ſtand,
With hoſtile rage expect the *daring* Foe,
Swift, ſtout, alert, moſt *dext'rous* to aſſail.
Around our Iſland Britiſh thunders roar,
Armies on ſhore, and Navies on the ſeas,
Bold troops, brave cruizers, *aid* us and defend,
To *guard* our commerce, and firm peace *reſtore*.

In the bright weſt the bluiſh hills aſcend,
Hill over hill, emerging, meet the ſkies,
From them mild Zephyrs waft their balmy ſtore,
The ſmelling herb, the ſcenting flow'r, the ſhrub
And plant delicious, grateful ſweets diſperſe:

Their ſummits rivers pour; a-down the hill
With rapid current glides the growing Swale,
Sweeps, ſwells abroad, then, like a deluge, runs,
Ruſhes *impetuous* o'er the plains below.
Upon it's bank fair RICHMOND ſpreading ſtands,
With ſtructures antique, *erſt* a noted place,
It's Caſtle ſtrong, the Manſion of the Great.

On the wide plain, tho' diſtant ſtill, there ſtand
Some riſing Towns, whoſe buildings grace the ſhire:
There RIPPON gleams, or BEDALE there, beyond
Stands MASHAM *hid;* and this way on the road
NORTH-ALLERTON appears; there THIRSK is ſeen.
Thro' all the plain the fertile fields abound
With corn, with cattle, with luxuriant fruits
And choiceſt cates; rich plenty decks the ſoil:
Like Tempe's fragrant vale, or Enna's grove,
The vallies glow with ſtores, the ſloping hills
With dainties rich are *crown'd;* the fragrant flow'rs,
The verdant graſs, the corn *thick-rip'ning* round,
One Garden ſeem, the ſweeteſt Lawn immenſe.

In the South-weſt the ſterile Moors ariſe,
The plain of HAMBLETON, that *famous* heath:
(Where ſwifteſt ſteeds and courſers gallop round)
Lies near Old-Byland, on the Mountain ſpread:
There *overſtrain'd* with whip and ſpur, the ſteeds

With nimble foot the Champaign tread, and there
Run for the prize, contend, and *ſtruggle* cloſe,
Pant for the Goal. They foam, they ſweat, they bleed.

More to the ſouth rich Bilſdale lengthen'd lies,
A fertile vale, with ſloping mountains grac'd;
The Moor's aſcent (that craggy Ridge o'ergrown
With weeds, wild fern, coarſe brakes, black heath, and moſs)
Supplies the Hamlet with it's *fuel brown*.
Carlton high hill, or Kirby *peak*, the height
Of Broughton *brow*, here obvious meet the eye:
Thoſe hills, like poſterns, lead to caverns dire,
To dreary deſerts, bogs, and broken roads,
Impervious Glens, Pits fathomleſs, and foul:
O'er precipice, moraſs, by Weſterdale,
By Caſtleton, the *pathleſs* deſert leads:
To Farndale-Gill the *Wilderneſs* extends,
From thence to WHITBY, or to SCARBRO' *ſpreads*.

The whirring Moor-Cock, other birds of game,
Ere long muſt fall, the Fowler's *deſtin'd* prey;
Thoſe poultry, *black* or *grey*, on dainties feed,
Haws, bilberries, herbs, weeds of various kind;
Thoſe fowls are viands nice, and *ſweeteſt* food:
Thro' filthy bogs fierce ſportſmen chaſe the game,
Their paſtime made; thoſe harmleſs birds thus fall.

What rills and rapid brooks from mountains flow:

When rains deſcend thoſe Torrents quickly riſe;
The Eſk runs Eaſt-ward to the German Sea,
The Leven Weſt-ward to the *fluent* Tees:
Thoſe Rivers Salmon yield, the Pike, the Trout,
The ſilver Eel, which Anglers ſlyly take:
The Rye, the Riccal, Hodge-beck, Seven, Dow,
Beneath the ſurface of the Earth *ſink* deep,
Then riſe again, and flow with ſwiftneſs on,
The Derwent join, and wider raiſe the ſtream.

On this Parnaſſus as I *muſing* ſtand,
Behold the Ocean, or the Land ſurvey,
A Gale Favonian chears my *drooping* mind,
Mild, aromatick, fragrant, pure, and cool,
The Summer's breeze ſerenely comes, and ſweet,
Blown from Heſperian orchards, groves and plains.
Let me deſcend to taſte the limpid ſpring, *
In days of yore *well known*, then oozing on
When fam'd Northumbria's Monarch rul'd the realm,
Whoſe Son, Prince Oſwy! *periſh'd* in the rill.
This trickling brook, like the Pierian well,
Will *aid* my muſe, on this Aonian mount
Inſtruct my fancy Nature's height to gain,
To know it's depth, true wiſdom to *explore*,
As near this Druid's † ancient hut I ſtand,
And view, and mourn the *half-demoliſh'd* cell.

* A Spring near the top of Roſeberry.
† Vulgarly call'd the Cobler's Shop.

This rocky mount, pyramidal and ſteep,
Fit ſpot, fair ſeat of *ſage* philoſophy,
Let ev'ry ſophiſt climb, ſometimes aſcend,
This rural ſeat may curious thoughts employ;
The wiſe Philoſopher may travel here,
Search Nature's ſecrets, ſee her wonders great,
In every ſtone, each pebble, ſpeck *minute*,
The ſhaggy woods, the precipice below,
Art, ſcience grows —— in that ſmall village mean,
Even dirty Newton, fixed in the vale.
The grave Aſtronomer may wander *far*,
The planets mark, or view the Atmoſphere,
Tell each new Star, the Sun and Moon behold,
The ſapphire-arch illum'd with golden gems,
Learn horrizontal lines, ſee worlds around,
Celeſtial Orbs, or *Things* upon this Earth.

There Eaſt-ward GUISBROUGH ſtands, whoſe ruin'd Dome
Reſembles Athens, or Diana's Fane,
Or Solomon's fam'd Temple, ſplendid-built,
Magnificent! grand Edifice ſuperb.
Low ſtands that ancient Town on *fertile* ground,
A weekly Market there on Monday's held:
The Vale, the Hills, with verdure all are crown'd,
Fruits fill the orchards, flow'rs inrich the plain.
The preſent worthy Chief, the Ruler there,
A conſtant Huntſman, eager in the chace,

Actæon-like, with hounds the flying Fox
Purſues, with beagles ſeeks the trembling Hare.
Sometimes at Raven-ſcar bold Reynard ſtarts,
Then runs to Airy-holm, thence back *retreats*,
Or ſwims the flood, ſeeks ſhelter in ſome cave,
Eſcapes to Marſk, or dies in Wilton-wood.
The gallant Chief on his ſwift Nag comes firſt
While others lag behind, Horſe, Man, or *weary* Hound.

From GUISBROUGH diſtant but one Engliſh mile
A new Plantation ſtands, a Fabrick fair!
Within the Villa lives a Soldier great,
Mars bred the Man, Apollo prudence gave;
A Patriot, firm to Britain, to the poor
A benefactor, placid, and polite;
Now made commander on the Nothern coaſt,
From *muddy* Humber to the ſmoother Tees.
The virtuous Dame, whoſe beauty is renown'd,
Like her fair Siſters, merits juſt applauſe,
A tender miſtreſs, to her children kind,
Free, hoſpitable, gen'rous, and ſincere.

Farther there ſtands a caſtle, antique pile!
In modern times repair'd, and SKELTON nam'd:
A Scholar there, a Gentleman reſides,
Whoſe Learning, Criticiſm, and ſkill profound,
Bard, Sage, Profeſſor, publiſh and admire;
Maſter of Language! and the Chieftain there.

That *hump* which, like a *wart*, is riſen high,
The moor of Barnaby, obſtructs the view;
There Burlow-moor appears abroad, that height,
Seen, faintly ſeen, like ſhadows thro' a cloud.
In yonder Parks the friſking Deer abound,
Skip o'er the lawn, and ſport, and nimbly play;
The ſportive Lamb, the pretty merry Fawn,
Enjoy their frolicks, *caper* o'er the plain:
Among the copſes, furzes, herbs, and ſhrubs,
The Bullock grazes, or the heifer feeds.
In earlier days, walks, columns, buſtos, were,
Baſons, caſcades; Nymphs ſtood, and ſhepherds kneel'd;
Swans fed, Ducks div'd, or ſquirting monſters play'd,
And Veſſels, rigg'd, were *ready* for the ſea.

That pretty Villa, pleaſing, fair and neat,
UPLEATHAM nam'd, engages next the eye;
Without, within, nice order rules the whole,
It's Viſtas decent, and it's rooms compleat.
The worthy Baronet, his charming ſpouſe,
As joint poſſeſſors, one dominion ſhare,
Their nuptial Faith ſecure, their Virtues firm,
Immaculate, and ſpotleſs as the morn:
With lovely children, beauteous as the Queen,
Is Charlotte *bleſs'd*, a matron fair and wiſe.

On yon green beach, and near the Ocean's brim
The Men of Weſtmorland, Militia bold!

An hoſt compoſe, incamp'd and ſtrongly plac'd;
With Cannon, Tents, Utenſils fit for war,
Force to repel, the French and Dutch reſtrain,
To quell rude tumults, *foreign*, or *intern*.

Let now deſcription mark that trackleſs ſhore,
From Huntley-nab to Saltburn, thence to Marſk,
Thence run to Redcar, Coatham, Dab-holm point,
Tell how they live, and what thoſe people do!
To ſay they're *honeſt*, is to ſay again
What others ſaid, and many *thought* before.
They practiſe fiſhing, killing cods and crabs,
A *preceious* Lobſter is their Idol *vain*;
For gain they ſwear, they lie, and vilely cheat,
As Giants riſe, or *pygmies*, as they will:
By turns their trades are Fiſhers, Merchants, Boors,
Swindlers, or Smugglers, then *turn* round again.

North-eaſt there ſtands Kirkleatham on the plain,
Beneath the *windings* of the ſylvan glade:
The ſtately Manſion, ſpacious Gardens fine,
The Church, the College, Mauſoleum, gleam:
The princely Hoſpital receives the poor,
Infirm, the aged, and beſtows it's alms.
To *ſpeak* the praiſe, or actions to *relate*
Of each great man, is *hard* to write in verſe.
The Baronet commands, is Magiſtrate,
A Senator, moſt ſteady to his cauſe,

Without deceit, impartial in debate,
A Patriot known, ſupporter of the Laws.
In his own Houſe a Maſter free and kind,
To all his neighbours and his tenants plain,
A friend to Induſtry, whoſe art is ſeen
In tillage *much*, or knowledge of the plough;
What toil, expences, for a *courſe* of years
At Kildale and Kempſwarden in the moors.
A pleaſure in the chace his Honour takes,
His Lady it approves, much paſtime finds,
Both cloſely follow when ſly Reynard *runs*,
Leap hedge and gate, purſue *conjunctive* cries:
The crafty Animal runs up the Lane,
Then *traverſes*, then ſwims the limpid flood,
Retreats, haſtes forward, croſſes brake and ditch,
Aſcends the hill, or wades the ſedge-grown Lake:
The ſly voracious Quadruped is fled,
Quits the moraſs, and *ſkips* from ſtone to ſtone.

There I perceive a wondrous Bank to riſe,
Made to *repel*, to curb the raging ſea;
There hundreds are at work, engag'd to bind
The ſtubborn Ocean to the Chieftain's will:
Great Fortunes, mighty Rulers, think to *awe*
The winds, the waves, or triumph o'er mankind:
Thus Xerxes laſh'd the waves in pride and rage,
Forbade the winds to raiſe the growing tide,

To his raſh will call'd Nature's courſe to *change*,
Imperious Tyrant! ſlave to paſſions vile.

From the broad Tees green fields and meadows riſe,
Some ſtor'd with corn, large paſtures verdant ſpread;
Thoſe Villages the farms, incloſures, *ſhare*,
Lackenby, Wilton, Lazenby, by name.
O'er Wilton's ruin'd Caſtle, on the hill
Trenches, incampments, heretofore in uſe,
With *civil* rage have batter'd down that Fort.

Next Normanby, appearing, *takes* the eye,
A Village ſeated pleaſantly and fair;
A Gentleman there lives, a ſober Man,
In Juſtice ſtrict, moſt regular his life,
Firmly *attached* to a virtuous courſe,
Mild, courteous, juſt, a widower indeed.

A lofty pile at Ormſby gilds the day,
Without are parks, parterres, gay avenues, large ponds,
With ſplendid, curious, and moſt noble things;
Within rich ſtatues, pictures, gorgeous Beds,
Vaſes of Silver, veſſels made of Gold,
The Houſe imbelliſh, *decorated* round:

From this high rock there Marton I behold,
And Acklam there, a Villa aged grown,
But ſtill adorn'd with Gardens, Viſtas, Ponds,

Luxuriant paſtures and *improved* meads,
But more inrich'd with virtue found within,
A Maiden-Lady, *pious*, governs there,
Unbounded Hoſpitality fills the Dome,
Relieves the wretched, covers from deſpair
The poor, the widow, and the orphan weak,
A *Shield* to many, and a friend to all.
Like Pallas wife, the ornament of age,
The palm of virtue, Honour's guide, *ſupport!*
Whoſe ſacred age to matrons leſſons gives,
Adviſes, aids; who lives a Chriſtian *true*.

A train of Villages *ariſe* in view,
Some ſmall, ſome eminent, obſcurer ſome;
Firſt, *rural* Stainton brightens to the ſight;
Adjacent Thornton gliſtens and appears,
A manſion plain, with viſtas fair, compleat,
Extenſive Gardens, elegantly green.
Irregular Thornaby, and Stainſby-Hall,
There Maltby, *ſmaller* Hilton, Newby too,
With Leven-Bridge, Kirk-Levington, again
More cottages, or great or *ſmall*, appear.

That ſpot of ground *near* Seamor on the hill
Deſcription merits, where *centuries* ago
The war-like Saxons and the Danes once fought;
The Saxon Ethelred *then* overcame,

As human bones, whole ſkulls, ſtill *teſtify*,
Dug up in places all around How-Hill,
Where ſtands the Tumulus of ſome fam'd Chief.
Half-form'd Incampments ſtill appear in view,
The veſtiges of trenches on thoſe heights,
And broken arms, of late, were *ſometimes* found.

Yonder fair YARM, extended in the vale,
Along the Tees, as in a circle, *lies*,
Ill-fated ſpot! by Inundation *torn*.
Small Veſſels on the Tees ply to and fro
With goods and merchandiſe; in waggons *brought*
Are various ſtores convey'd acroſs the land.
The Town is neat, high-built, and *pleaſant* ſeems;
A weekly market on the *Thurſday's* held.
A Gentleman, with prudence ſtor'd, there lives,
Humane and courteous, is a Friend to all.

Fond muſe, now wander to ſome diſtant part,
Obſerve the beauties of the rural kind,
With equal wiſdom, and with curious eye
Matters *abſtruſe*, or *ſimple* things, relate;
From YARM to Arncliff view the culture round,
Yon promontory, mark the wonders there.

That ſouthern hill with waving woods below,
Where grow the Oak, the Aſh, the Beech, the Elm,
Where Alders, Hazels, Willows, *underneath*

Swarm thick — the thorn, ſharp furze, the bramble tough,
And *thick'ning* heath, incumber thus the ground,
Much fruitage wild, the Haw, the Sloe, the Date,
And various berry, without *culture*, yield:
Acorns and Nuts hang cluſt'ring from the boughs,
Expecting Autumn, ev'ry where are found
Delicious fruits, or baleful ſeeds *malign*,
Her bounties copious Nature *widely* ſheds.

The Blackbird ſings, the Thruſh, the Linnet, Lark,
Pour ſon'rous notes, melodious on the ſpray,
Varying their ſong, or adding lays ſublime,
They chaunt their *matins* and their *veſpers* ſweet.
Within the leafy ſhade the Viper lies,
Unſeen, ſecure, the *dormant* Snake ſleeps on;
Alas! by *chance*, or other cauſe unknown,
Some ſtranger meets the foe, then *feels* it's ſting.
The plodding Ant, Graſhopper ſkipping round,
The peeviſh Waſp, the biting Gnat, there live,
With other Inſects humming in the grove,
Briſk in the *ſhade*, and buzzing forth their ſong.

Thro' all the plain, Clevelandian diſtrict fair,
Bright Ceres reigns, glad Pan the Earth has *crown'd*,
The meads high hay-cocks, higher Ricks have raiſ'd,
And plenty fills the Farmer's *peaceful* board:
The Corn turns Yellow, Harveſt haſtens on,
When Bacchus will *uſurp*, then *rage* in Men.

The Goddeſs Flora decks the ſylvan glades,
The Roſe, the Lilly, various-tinged flowers
The Empreſs brings, and with her hand *dilates*
Ambroſial odours, fragrance from her flows.
Pomona guards the Orchards, rules the groves,
Gives Apples, Pears, ſweet Plumbs, and Peaches *fine*,
Inſtructs the Bees the honey to provide,
To fix the combs, the wax to *form* and make,
How to extract the liquor, all refine,
Mum, Cyder, Perry, the *metheglin* too.

Beneath high Arncliff a bright Villa ſtands,
Adorns contiguous woods, the *foreſt* decks,
Like Jove's rich temple, brilliant ſhines around.
Within a learned Lawyer lives, within
One of the Quorum, a wiſe Juſtice, dwells,
Truly deſcended from a worthy Line;
In fortune happy, prudently poſſeſſ'd
Of a fair ſpouſe, with Children *bleſt* indeed.

Along the weſtern barrrier, Cleveland's bound,
Or *Wapentake* of *Langbaurgh*, border ſure,
I have ſurvey'd the pleaſant rural plain,
Now many Villages lie *nearer* ſtill.
Firſt, Swainby meets the Eye, next Whorlton near,
It's *ancient* caſtle mould'ring in an heap:
A little diſtant ſtands a mount *rotund*,

The form of Roſeberry, but lower much:
Upon it's ſummit ſwords and diverſe arms
Were found, dug up, *ſuppoſ'd* a battery *there*
To batter down the caſtle *built* below.

The mountain-tops aſcend, their ſummits *climb*,
There view OSMOTHERLEY, ſepulchral *ſpot*
Of Oſwy's nurſe, or Oſwald, deſtin'd Prince!
Drown'd in the ſpring on Roſeberry's *high* mount,
Whoſe Infant-corſe at Oſwald-kirk lies hid,
A petty Village at a *diſtance* found.

Beneath the hills an *ancient* Church appears,
It's lonely ſteeple with the Ivy *clad*,
Adjoining woods a *pleaſing* horror give,
The place is *ſolemn*, and the ſite aſtounds.
By Thomas de Holland built, the Duke of Surry,
Earl of Kent, Lord Wake, mount Grace of Ingleby
Was founded *erſt*, a venerable Pile!
A Monaſtery for meek Carthuſians *fam'd*,
Or Nunnery devout of *prudent* women!
And dedicated to the virgin *pure*,
Whoſe Nuns religious holy rites perform'd,
Pray'r, faſting, *penance*, an abſtemious life.

Acroſs the plain more Villages are ſeen,
There Pot-how, Craythorn, Middleton, appear,

With Hutton-juxta-Rudby, Sexhow-Hall,
A rural manſion, *antique*, in decay.

Upon the Leven, on aſcending ground
Stands Leven-grove, with woods and gardens grac'd
Commodious, pleaſant, rural ſcenes *delight*,
The place looks fair, bedeck'd with flow'ry greens.
The Rooks *frequent* the grove, the Doves all coo,
The Starlings chatter, and the Swallows fly,
The merry Cuckow in the *gladſome* ſpring
Proclaims the Seaſon, and the birds rejoice.
Within the Villa live a ſelect pair,
Aged, diſcreet, of noble birth, upright!
A veteran He! by Mars inſtructed-long,
Expert in arms, in camps train'd up and taught;
Appointed General, Colonel, Juſtice too!
A placid ſire, and to his offspring *dear*.

Now ſouth-ward trace the landſcape to yon hill,
Along the *ſkirts* of mountains ſtill paſs on:
There Faceby ſtands, and Carlton next appears;
A huge tall mountain riſes to the clouds,
A chaſm *hideous* pours red rubbiſh thence,
Veſuvius-like, the Country to *o'erwhelm*:
There Alum has been made, it's *refuſe* runs
Down the ſteep hill, and in the vale abides.
Within the Village lives the hearty Squire,
Plain Gentleman! a worthy honeſt Man.

A little diſtant ſtill, in perfect view,
A Fabric rears it's head, *convenient* Pile!
With many beauties raiſ'd in order due;
The place is Buzby-Hall, an *ancient* name,
Where dwells a Gentleman, a Man ſedate:
Bleſt with a conſort fair, but childleſs ſtill:
A chriſtian mild; whoſe bounteous charity
Diffuſive ſhines; this world the Squire enjoys,
Whoſe Juſtice links with mercy, love *combines:*
Lord of the Wapentake! conſummate Lord
O'er all rude paſſions, wrath, or *filthy* pride.

Fond muſe, come forward, paſs the ſylvan glade
To Drummanby, and Kirby's ſite ſurvey,
At Broughton *call*, from thence to Greenhow glide,
Obſerve it's clime, it's full extent, and Soil.
This corner of the County, *obſcure* nook
Of YORK's North-Riding, cautiouſly deſcribe.

That broken Rock on yonder ſummit high
Stupendous ſtands, now Whain-ſtones rudely call'd:
Some Druid's Temple *heretofore* the whole,
Part thrown promiſcuous down the barren hill:
Or Runic characters, or Saxon words,
Denote the Sepulchre of ſome great Man.
So near to Urra, * *farther* in the dale,
A ſubterranean cavern *deep* is ſeen,

* Urra, a Village in Bilſdale.

In Pagan ages found a ſafe retreat,
Or ſpacious Tomb, to hide their num'rous *dead*.

Here Glens, Woods, Bogs, dark Shades, and gloomy Dens,
Impervious Wilds, *rough* Paths, and ſcroggy glades,
Along thoſe ſterile and thoſe *ſhaken* Hills
Are deep and thick, whence *fall* unnumber'd Streams.
The Badger there, the Coney, Hare, the Fox,
Each haunts *unſeen*, each has it's hidden lair:
The Pheaſant, Stock-dove, ranging far abroad
The flitting Woodcock, ſeek the *ſilent* wood.
The chatt'ring Jay, the ſhrieking Owl, the bold
And hoarſe Night-Raven, thro' thoſe deſerts *range*:
The whiſtling Blackbird, and the Linnet gay,
The Wren, the Titmouſe, ſing their matin-ſong:
The Lark (that Nightingale of Greenhow's clime)
With Red-breaſt-Robin, chaunt their *uſual* lays:
The ſhrill Hedge-ſparrow, Goldfinch, chirp and call,
From buſh to buſh *flit* round, and ſeek for food.

Beneath the eaſtern hill a manſion is,
The ſpacious Manor Greenhow's vale commands;
The Houſe of Ingleby, built *Caſtle-wiſe*,
The foreſt rules, and rules the diſtrict round.
A race of Baronets the ſame poſſeſs,
Of ancient anceſtry and worthy fame,
For Hoſpitality and Honour praiſ'd,

As good as great, from Father to the ſon
Their virtues flow illuſtrious, flowing on,
As many *feel*, were *felt* by me and mine.
Soon may the Baronet in peace return,
Improve his Talents by his travels ſoon,
And, like his Brother, joyfully be ſeen,
To chear all thoſe who in their abſence mourn'd.
My *needy* works, unpoliſh'd humble verſe,
O Sir! accept; as Patron, lend your aid,
And, with your Learning, my weak parts defend:
Your praiſe to *merit* is my ſole deſire.
The Lady-Mother, glad to ſee each Son,
Expects them happy, hopes their ſafe return,
In arts excelling, Learning moſt compleat,
Adorn'd with wiſdom, of accompliſh'd parts,
Such as old Greece and Rome thro' ages rear'd,
And muſt for *ever* be in Britain praiſ'd.

A purling brook ſwift-gliding from it's fount,
From Botton-Head (that ſterile *craggy* cliff)
The rill deſcends, *meanders* down the hill,
The *woody Hagg*, it's courſe continues on
By Ingleby, then *gurgling* thro' the meads
Loſes it's current, and the Leven joins:
So runs the Leven down from Kildale-*brows*,
Thence falls to Eaſeby, thence to Ayton glides:
Thoſe limpid ſtreams the finny natives fill,

The Trout, the Gudgeon, all the *Minim-fry;*
With rods, with nets, rapacious ſportſmen kill,
So greedy of their prey, the brooks they *drain.*

Ayton, tho' but a Village, brightly gleams,
A pretty pleaſant Hall the manſion ſtands,
Where dwells a Family of frugal worth,
Sedate, ſincerely fix'd, on prudence bent:
The Gentleman is ſober, juſt, diſcreet,
A lover of true juſtice, honeſt deeds:
A loving ſpouſe, fair Children, duteous all,
The Huſband bleſs, the parent happy *make.*

Weſt-ward from Ayton Ann-grove's little ſeat
Apparent ſtands, place well-deſign'd, *compact;*
Within a virtuous pair in peace reſide,
Humane, propitious *both*, contented live.

Mean Pinchinthorp *obſcurely* there appears,
A Hamlet ſmall, but ſtill it's *antique* Hall
More decent ſeems, it's grave poſſeſſor plain,
A Gentleman, a Grazier, frugal Man.

There Upſil is, about it *mariſh*-ground,
Or Lake, ſometimes, of mighty *ſwelling* flood,
The birth-place of the Duck, the Teal, the Snipe,
Or winter's Plover, or the ſummer's quail;
Thence runs the Tame, that *gently*-running rill,

By Nunthorp, Tanton, o'er the lower grounds,
Till *thwart* the Country below STOKESLEY meet
The Tame and Leven, both *commix'd* in one.

There STOKESLFY ſhines, my Native *ſpot*, my home,
Aſylum ſure! bright Phœbus gilds the Town;
Plac'd on the Leven, ſeated on a plain,
Adorn'd with trees, it gayly *peeps* abroad:
It's preſent ſtate, alas! is *changing* ſtill,
Varies and turns as luxury and pride
Increaſe and fall, as mirth and ſloth *abound*,
Where ſenſual riot, *merriment* obſcene,
Employ the Day, and revel thro' the Night;
Juſtice too *little* rules, no order guides,
But *ſtiff opinion* ev'ry Man protects.

Party awes *party*, ſelf-divided Town!
The ſtronger clan the weaker always rules:
A ſtranger thus preceptor is *become*,
By ſalary *won*, by wages *brought* to teach
Sublime Philoſophy and ſcience *deep*,
The ſtarry *courſes* and the ſolar *height*,
With *whims* by millions, *fables* without end,
The WORLD's great period and it's *final* year.

Some rays of ſplendor, *tranſient* gaudy pomp,
Adorn that Town, and deck th' aſpiring place:
A weekly market on th' *Saturday's* held.

Like STOKESLEY's *wealth*, GREAT ALBION's fame declines,
Her Potence leſſens, and her Glory *fades*,
Beſet by num'rous foes, by dangers dire,
Her Provinces are loſt, her Forts *likewiſe*,
Her Ships are ſhatter'd, murder'd are her Men,
Like Troy aſſail'd by *furious* hoſts around.
O! may our Iſland Peace and Plenty bleſs,
Our wealth return, our commerce, *abſent* Trade!
Then all will ſmile, all Men will honour ſtill
The beſt of SOV'REIGNS, and the beſt of Men.

Lord Howe's arriv'd! The BRITISH FLEET is *ſafe!*
GIBRALTAR is reliev'd, it's ſiege is *raiſ'd;*
Our worthy Admirals, our Captains *bold*,
Intrepid Seamen, by manœuvres *ſage*,
By prudent conduct, courage, *naval* ſkill,
Have ſav'd the Fortreſs on that *famous* Rock
From haughty SPAIN, from *proud* inſulting FRANCE.
In CADIZ now ſecur'd, their Fleets *combin'd*
In ſafety ride, from ſtorms and BRITONS *moor'd*,
Who *rail* at Howe, *deride* the BRITISH ſtrength.
With troops made ſtrong, *freſh* ſtores, proviſions *rich*,
GIBRALTAR may *endure* a longer ſiege:
The prudent Elliot, glorious, *hardy*, brave!
Like Cæſar vigilant, like Scipio cool,
Once more (if *reſtleſs* drives thoſe warriors on)
Will *tame* their courage, rude aſſaults *repel*,

Mounts, Batt'ries, Gun-Boats, horrid Wiles *diſperſe*,
And fill with *Carnage* their demoliſh'd Lines.
O! let the Hero and his veterans *brave*
Meet juſt rewards for *valour* and for Faith!
Let Elliot *gain* a Penſion, Title too!
And let his ſervices his name *adorn*.
So *gallant* Rodney, *valiant* Hood, now Lords,
Who on the twelfth of April bravely *fought*,
Who *beat* the French, and took the Count de Graſſe,
The Ville de Paris, ſix *Ships* of the Line,
Receive our thanks, the Publick thanks and *praiſe*,
By whom we hope to *gain* a glorious Peace.

Let me look round —— The ſultry Day *declines*,
Far in the weſt great Phœbus dimmer *moves*,
A black'ning cloud obſcures the ſetting Sun,
There Thunders roll, fierce Lightnings flaſh *abroad*,
A pond'rous ſhow'r faſt *gathers*, ſeems to fall,
Falls on the Ocean, on the parched Earth.

Yet, ſee! what glorious Form deſcending comes,
With luſtre comes, 'tis Jove, *perhaps*, that ſhines,
Has Ida or Olympus quickly left,
His late abodes, to view this famous Iſle,
To grace this Toppin with his ſenate wiſe.
'Tis even ſo —— I ſee their God-ſhips come,
Let me depart, with ardour quit the mount,
To give their Lord-ſhips room to take their ſeats.

By fiery Horſes *drawn* Apollo comes:
Great Neptune, drawn by Tritons,, *there* alights;
The jolly Bacchus four *mad* Tygers bring;
By one-ey'd Cyclops Vulcan, *lame*, is brought:
The ſwifter Hermes, *winged*, gently drops;
Fierce Pluto on the Gorgons finds his way:
Majeſtic Juno, wiſer Pallas too,
Diana, Nymph, and ſpotleſs Virgin bright,
Chaſte Veſta, Venus *lewd*, are all arriv'd,
With many more, Gods, Goddeſſes ſupreme,
By Lions *drawn*, Doves, Women, Cupids, Fawns,
Their Chariots and themſelves muſt *fill* the mount.
Hark! hark! Mars ſpeaks, and beckons with his hand
For me to go, for me to *leave* this height,
No mortal with the Gods muſt *ſup* below,
Ambroſia taſte, or Nectar ſweetly ſip,
Made only *for* the pure Immortals ſtill.

With footſteps ſoft I leave the ſacred lawn,
Hereafter *ſacred*, by the Gods made ſuch;
The ſpring of Helicon I, *mournful*, leave,
That clear inſpiring Fount and Water pure.

FINIS.

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